

SPIRIT

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(London Time's Telescope for June 1822.)

June.

What pomps can courts and capitals supply,
So gorgeous as the *rising of the sun*?
What matins like the *larks*, who heavenward climb,
And pour down lighted music from above?
What midnight serenade so rapturous
As the lone *nightingale's*, whose soul of love
Out-gushes with her song? *Jewels and rings*!
Is not each dewy blade, and leaf, and flower,
Hung with a *pearl*, which, when the sun upsprings,
Is dyed to *amethyst and ruby*? *Nympholept.*

THE flower-garden is usually in all its glory in June, if the weather have been mild and favourable to vegetation. The region of Flora, with its odours and endless hues, is an object of admiration to *man* alone, and constitutes one of the most pleasing and innocent recreations: to none but *man* is it an object of the slightest moment. The general sense of beauty, as well as of grandeur, seems familiar to *man* in the creation. The herd, in common with him, enjoy the gentle breath of spring; they lie down to repose on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and pastures; but we have reason to think, that it is *man* only who sees the image of beauty over the happy prospect, and rejoices at it; that it is hidden from the brute creation, and depends not upon sense, but on the intelligent mind.

In every age and every nation, *flowers* have been honoured, cherished, loved and admired. In the olden time they graced the festivals, and adorned the altars, of the deities. A goddess,

ever blooming and young, superintended their interests, and her marriage with the gentle Zephyrus must have singularly promoted the welfare of her delicate subjects. They have been showered on the heads of heroes, been twisted in the chaplets of Hymen, and chosen by Love as his most appropriate gifts, and most intelligible symbols. Affection has delighted to strew them on the graves of the departed, and Poetry has sung their praise, till the wearied ear turns from the oft-told tale.

Who will assert that in modern days flowers are less honourably distinguished?—who that has seen the Epergne laden with their mingled blossoms; the most dainty dishes garnished with their brilliant tints; or the splendid drawing-rooms and gay boudoirs, where they grow in tubs, or float in vases, or stiffen in saucers filled with moistened sand—who, above all, that has beheld them in bunches, bushes, and arborets mingling with the tresses, towering high above the heads, or, as in recent times, hanging confusedly about the throats of our most fashionable females?—‘*Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose.*’

With how much care, too, do we tend ‘the firstlings of the year,’ and endeavour to persuade them to expand their bright petals, and breathe their delicious scents a little earlier than the laws of nature permit. In the language of that exquisite poem, ‘The

Flower and the Leaf,' the choicest offering which Flora's altars ever received,

When buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year,
we tempt them forth, and promise them our fostering protection, 'Then, at our call emboldened,' the hyacinth, the narcissus, and the crocus, burst their sheaths; we delight to deck our rooms with these children of early spring—we display them exultingly at our windows, and, 'Qui possit violas addere, divas erit.' Faint, however, are the pleasures which flowers afford in cities, when compared with those which they bestow upon their admirers in the country. There, the florist rears them near his home, watches them, improves them by culture, takes a parental interest in their progress, and a lover's pride in their charms, while health and cheerfulness reward his labours. There, the botanist explores the hedges, and traverses the hills in pursuit of some new addition to his herbal or his knowledge, and the barren heath and dull common acquire interest and beauty in his eyes.

Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,

are tastes and studies of this description, when cultivated as the amusement, not the business of life, and kept in due subserviency to higher and more useful pursuits.

Botany appears to be peculiarly adapted to the study of ladies, as it tempts them to the enjoyment of air and exercise, which though the best friends to health and beauty, the most effectual remedies for nervousness and ennui, are yet very generally neglected by the flowers of the human race. It is favourable, also, to the acquisition of habits of inquiry and observation, and sends the eye constantly abroad on expeditions of discovery. It is not a botanist 'who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, all is barren;' on the contrary, wherever a blade of grass appears, he is on the watch for rarity or beauty, and seldom returns from a ramble without some novelty to relate, some treasure to display.

On minute inspection, how much of amusement and instruction may be de-

rived from the study of flowers,—that study in which Israel's wisest monarch delighted; he who 'spoke of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall!' The *daisy*, insignificant as it apparently is, (yet immortalized by the pen of Dryden, and graced by the song of Burns) becomes, on closer observation, an expanse of wonders, a cluster of miracles. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disc and border, each distinct, each useful, each delicately beautiful. The *convolvulus* and *honeysuckle* appear to the careless eye to twist in a similar manner round every thing in their neighbourhood; but the botanist discovers that they are governed by different laws, the former always twining itself according to the apparent motion of the sun, the latter in a contrary direction; and when busy man attempts to alter this arrangement, he invariably injures, and perhaps destroys, the plant.

The *physiology of vegetables* is a most curious and entertaining branch of the science of botany; and, owing to the great improvement of our microscopes, may be pursued to an extent far beyond the most sanguine hopes of former students. In some recent experiments, the growth of wheat was actually rendered visible to the eye; a bubble of gas was seen to dart forth, carrying with it a portion of vegetable matter, which instantaneously formed into a fine tube, and one fibre was completed. In short, with instruments like our's, what may we not hope to accomplish in studies, unexhausted and inexhaustible as are those of nature?

In this delightful month, the fields of clover (*trifolium pratense*) white and purple, are in blossom; and the dog-rose (*rosa canina*), and the poppy (*papaver somniferum*), have their flowers full blown.* The milky juice of

* Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble, too as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn.

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:

'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

Horace, imitated by Cowley.

the poppy is the well known and valuable *opium* of the shops, the soother of all our aches and pains. The Turks, it is well known, are in the habit of chewing opium as a luxury, and to induce a state of indolence and apathy, which they regard as the summit of human happiness. It is often taken in large and repeated doses; and in the professed opium-eaters, it produces a singular species of intoxication. The higher orders frequently amuse themselves in observing the strange effects produced on one of those persons by the full and intoxicating doses. The mind is elevated to madness; the man fancies himself a sultan, orders the servants to be whipped, dismisses one minister, beheads another, and comports himself with all the dignity and arrogance of a king: while at the highest pitch of frenzy, a slave is ordered to make a sudden and loud noise; in a moment the horror-struck opium-eater stands abashed, prays for forgiveness, and becomes perfectly sober. Such is the very extraordinary effect of a sudden noise upon a person who has taken sufficient opium to procure intoxication.

The *rose*, the type of love and beauty, now holds a conspicuous place in the flower-garden:—

Ah! see, deep-blushing in her green recess,
The bashful *virgin-rose*, that half-revealing,
And half, within herself, herself concealing,
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness.
Lo! soon her glorious beauty she discovers:
Soon droops;—and sheds her leaves of faded hue:
Can this be she,—the flower,—erewhile that drew
The heart of thousand maids, of thousand longing
lovers?

So fleeteth in the fleeting of a day,
Of mortal life the green leaf and the flower,
And not, though Spring return to every bower,
Buds forth again soft leaf or blossom gay.
Gather the *rose*! beneath the beauteous morning
Of this bright day that soon will over-cast;
O gather the sweet *rose*, that yet doth last!

Tasso.

In no country of the world does the *rose* grow in such perfection as in Persia; and in no country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. It is often alluded to by Hafez in his odes.

The garden of Negauristan, a palace belonging to the King of Persia, is described by Sir R.K. Porter in his recent

Travels to abound with the most beautiful rose-trees; he there saw 2 plants full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent, that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume. The gardens and courts of the Persians are crowded with its plants, their rooms ornamented with vases filled with its gathered bunches, and every bath strewn with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems:—

And as the *parent-rose* decays and dies,
The infant buds with brighter colours rise;
And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.

Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whiffs of a *kalioun*, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree!

But in this delicious garden of Negauristan, the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the *rose*. The ear is enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of *nightingales*, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says: 'When the roses fade, when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the *nightingale* no longer animates the scene.'

The general character of this bower of faëry land, this garden of beauty, is, (according to Sir R. K. Porter) laid out in parallel walks, planted with luxuriant willows, and fruit-trees of various kinds, besides rose-trees in profusion. In Negauristan, narrow, secluded walks, shaded above and enamelled with flowers below, with cuts of clear and sparkling water, silvering the ground, and cooling the air, are charmingly contrasted with other parts which the hand of neglect (or taste assuming graceful negligence) has left in a state of romantic wilderness. The trees are all full-grown and luxuriant in foliage; while their lofty stems, nearly covered with a rich underwood of *roses*, lilacs, and other fragrant and aromatic shrubs, form the finest natural tapestry of leaves and flowers.

Where'er the eye could reach,
 Fair structures rainbow-hued arose ;
 And rich pavilions through the opening woods
 Gleamed from their wavy curtains sunny gold ;
 And winding through the verdant vale,
 Flowed streams of liquid light ;
 And fluted *cypresses* reared high
 Their living obelisks.
 And broad-leaved *plane-trees* in long colonnades
 O'erarched delightful walks,
 Where round their trunks the thousand-tendrilled
vine
 Wound up, and hung the boughs with greener
 wreaths,
 And clusters not their own.
 Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes
 Return for rest ? Beside him teems the earth
 With *tulips*, like the ruddy evening streaked ;
 And here the *lily* hangs her head of snow ;
 And here, amid her sable cup,
 Shines the red *eye-spot*, like one brightest star,
 The solitary twinkler of the night ;
 And here the *rose* expands
 Her paradise of leaves.
 And oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale
 Scatters from *jasmine* bowers
 From yon *rose* wilderness,
 From clustered *Henna*, and from *orange* groves,
 That with such perfumes filled the breeze,
 As *Peris* to their sister bear,
 When from the summit of some lofty tree
 She hangs, enaged, the captive of the Dives.
 They from their pinions shake
 The sweetness of celestial flowers,
 And, as her enemies impure,
 From that impervious poison far away
 Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
 Inhales her fragrant food.
 Such odours flowed upon the world,
 When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
 Went forth in heaven, to roll
 The everlasting gate of Paradise
 Back on its living hinges, that its gales
 Might visit all below : the general bliss
 Thrilled every bosom ; and the family
 Of man, for once, partook one general joy.

Mackerel (*scomber*, *scomber*) are taken in abundance in this month. The success of the fishery in 1821 was beyond all precedent. The amount of the catch of 16 boats, from Lowestoft, on the 30th (June) amounted to £5,252. 15s. 1¼d., being an average of £328, 5s. 11¼d. for each boat. The boats not in the above calculation, and those which went out to the westward, were also successful ; and it is supposed that there was no less a sum than £14,000 altogether realized by the owners and men concerned in the fishery on the Suffolk coast.

MIDSUMMER DAY, the nativity of St. John the Baptist, is celebrated on the 24th of June.

The following singular custom was a few years ago observed in Yorkshire. On *Midsummer eve*, every housekeeper who, during the preceding 12 months, had changed his residence into a new neighbourhood (there being certain limited districts called *neighbourhoods*) spreads a table before his door in the street with bread, cheese, and ale, as refreshments for all who chose to accept it. If the master of the house be in tolerable circumstances, the party, after regaling themselves for a short time, are invited to supper, and the evening is concluded in mirth and good humour. The origin of this custom is not known, but it is said to have been instituted for the purpose of introducing strangers to an early and friendly acquaintance with their neighbours ; others think that it was established for the laudable purpose of settling differences by the meeting and mediation of friends.

In Cornwall, *Midsummer-day* is considered as a high holiday, on which either a pole is erected, decorated with garlands, or some flag is displayed to denote the sanctity of the time. The fires kindled in different parts of the country on the eve of *Midsummer-day*, and other festivals, may probably be reckoned among the relics of Druidical superstition. We are informed by Toland, in his History of the Druids, that two fires were kindled by them near one another, on May-eve, in every village through the nation, and that it extended to Gaul, to Ireland, and the Isles. One fire was on the karne, (that is, a stone barrow) the other on the ground adjoining ; the men and beasts to be sacrificed, were to pass between the two fires. The Druids were accustomed to carry lighted torches in their hands on certain occasions in a peculiar manner, in order to drive away evil spirits. In the Island of Lewis, one of the Scottish Isles, it was an antient custom to make a *fiery circle*, round the houses, corn, and cattle, belonging to each particular family ; this was done by a man who carried a brand or torch in his hand, and travelled round the things which were to be inclosed. The same ceremony by the carrying of fire was performed about

women after childbearing, and round children before they were initiated, as an effectual means of preserving the mother and her offspring from the power of evil spirits.

In Cornwall, at present, although the bonfires remain, the marching from village to village with lighted torches, exists only in the fading recollection of the aged, and in those pages which marked the prevailing customs of departed days.

About the time of the summer solstice, the *Druids* lighted up a fire in honour of *Bel* or *Belus*; and, at this season of the year, it is still a custom in some parts of Ireland for the people to light up fires in some elevated places,* and to bring their families together, to dance round, to pass through, and to jump over them, in order that success may attend them in all their future enterprises. In some places, even their cattle are compelled to submit to this ordeal, of passing through the fire, that good luck may attend their dairies and that neither blight nor mildew may destroy their ensuing crops. The bonfires in *Cornwall* are evidently of the same original, although they are untended with these ordeals, and are destitute at present of all ominous power. We can only view them as the continued emblems of those flames in which the Druid sacrifices were once consumed. The victims have disappeared, but the fire still continues occasionally to glow; though the reason for which it was originally lighted is nearly lost. Yet even at the *present day*, when the bonfires are lighted up in Cornwall, and the spectators have for some time been assembled round them, it is customary for the youths of both sexes to display their agility, either in running through the fire, or in jumping over the glowing brands, as the flames decline. In these practices they awaken a spirit of emulation in each other; and that person is thought to be the most fortunate or lucky, who can brave the fiercest fire, and pass through it with the least inconvenience.

Of the *sacrificing of beasts*, some solitary memorials still remain; and in

the following barbarous instance (narrated by Mr. Hitchins, to whom we are indebted for much curious information) the perpetrator of the deed could assign no other reason, than that it was necessary to procure *good luck*. ‘An ignorant old farmer in Cornwall having met with some severe losses in his cattle about the year 1800, was much afflicted with his misfortunes. To stop the growing evil he applied to the farriers in his neighbourhood, but unfortunately he applied in vain. The malady still continuing, and all remedies failing, he thought it necessary to have recourse to some extraordinary measure. Accordingly, on consulting with some of his neighbours, equally ignorant with himself, and evidently not less barbarous, they recalled to their recollections a tale which tradition had handed down from remote antiquity, that the calamity would not cease until he had actually *burned alive the finest calf which he had upon his farm*; but that, when this sacrifice was made, the murrain would afflict his cattle no more. The old farmer, influenced by this counsel, resolved immediately on reducing it to practice; that, by making the detestable experiment, he might secure an advantage, which the whispers of tradition, and the advice of his neighbours, had conspired to assure him would follow. He accordingly called several of his friends together, on an appointed day, and having lighted a large fire, brought forth his best calf; and, without ceremony or remorse, pushed it into the flames. The innocent victim, on feeling the intolerable heat, endeavoured to escape; but this was in vain. The barbarians that surrounded the fire were armed with pitchforks, or *pikes*, as in Cornwall they are generally called: and, as the burning victim endeavoured to escape from death, with these instruments of cruelty the wretches pushed back the tortured animal into the flames. In this state, amidst the wounds of the pitchforks, the shouts of unfeeling ignorance and cruelty, and the corision of flames, the dying victim poured out its expiring groan, and

* Chiefly on the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin. A line of country-cars is drawn across the roads, and ‘something towards the bonfire’ is exacted from the traveller.

was consumed to ashes. It is scarcely possible to reflect on this instance of superstitious barbarity, without tracing a kind of resemblance between it and the ancient sacrifices of the Druids. This calf was *sacrificed to fortune*, or good luck, to avert impending calamity, and to ensure future prosperity, and was selected by the farmer as the finest among his herd.—(*History of Cornwall.*)

But besides the sacrifice of beasts, which was common to the Druids, they also offered *human victims* at the polluted shrines of their imaginary gods. At these shrines their enemies were sacrificed, and their friends were offered. Sometimes the vigorous youth and graceful virgin were immolated on these sanguinary altars; and sometimes the *smiling infant* was carried from the bosom of its mother, to the flames which terminated its life:—

Like *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of *human sacrifice*, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that passed thro' fire
To his grim idol.

Some remains of this dreadful superstition have appeared in one of the western departments of France in the

present year (1821). A farmer finding himself and his family infested with vermin, and his cows giving no milk, attributed these misfortunes to the influence of sorcery, and was advised to throw salt in the fire, and bran in the stable where the cows were kept. But this plan failing, he consulted one of the 'wise men' of the village, who, after looking in a book threatened the farmer with new calamities, and told him that his wife and children would die in a few days; that the only remedy was to force the sorcerer to 'undo the work of fate;' and, in order to effect this, that he must be *put in the fire*, and held there, till it was accomplished. The man pointed at, an honest mechanic of the village, was accordingly seized, and held in the fire for a considerable time, and would have been burnt alive, had not his piercing cries alarmed some neighbouring rustics, who arrived just in time to save him from the diabolical ferocity of the farmer and his companion. Another similar instance lately occurred in the department of the Sarthe, where a man who was accused of having given the small-pox to the infant of another, and caused the death of his sheep,—was *murdered* as a sorcerer.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

(From Howison's recent Travels in Canada.)

[Howison (like Humboldt) seems to write of the forests, the rivers, the cataracts, the boundless and majestic wildernesses of the New World, as if his spirit were quite penetrated with the mighty and mysterious influences of elemental nature; nor have we met, for a long while, with any thing more charming in our literature, than the unstudied contrast continually presented by his quiet and temperate views of men and manners on the one hand, and his most rich and imaginative descriptions of external nature on the other. Neither Chateaubriand nor Humboldt has written any thing more truly beautiful and impressive, than his sketch of the voyage up the St. Lawrence in batteaux—Some of his descriptions of walks and rides through the primeval forests, which still skirt the shores of Ontario and Erie—His rich panorama of *the thousand islands*—or, above all, his visit to the cataracts of Niagara. We venture to quote a considerable part of the last description, and challenge any one to point out any thing more powerful, or more chastely and tastefully powerful, in all the prose that has been written in our time.]

THE Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract, on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond

the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps

carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first, the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to over-arch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough, (as I had,) may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect being in the posture above described.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-

thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken, and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rocks, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles; nay much further when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains the circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement, and this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wood-

en building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet, perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river ; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, over-arch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world ; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise ; for clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps,—rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscures the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, viz. that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath ; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me ; however the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me ; on one side, the black cliff stretched it-

self into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them ; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock ; but were it possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming ; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semi-circle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically thro' the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo ; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place

to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully over-arched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds of spray, accompanied by thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract. ***

When it was midnight, I walked out, and strolled into the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven, and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloud-

less firmament, and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie, by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first, I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. "Me watch to see the deer kneel," replied he; "This is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up." The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition.

THE PRIMROSE.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower—
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarl'd root, to roof the cave,
With Gothic fret-work sprung,
Whence jewell'd-fern,* and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,
From an old tree's fall'n shell,
A little rill that clipt about
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,
She seem'd to sit and look
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid;

She dwelt alone, a cloister'd nun,
In solitude and shade.

No sun-beam on that fairy pool
Darted its dazzling light;
Only, methought, some clear cold star
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there—
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes
That slight dear Nature's loveliness
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I look'd and linger'd there,
Absorb'd in still delight;
My spirits drank deep quietness
In with that quiet sight.

* The flowers of the *Osmunda Legalis*, or flowering-fern, are set like two rows of jewellery on the under sides of the leaves. This elegant plant blows in July and August, and is generally found on or about the boles and twisted roots of old trees.

(English Magazines, April.)

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. “I was handsome enough,” he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; “but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is,” he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows.

“I was not quite thirty,” said he to us, “when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor of this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any

other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor’s table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical book, or all the gardeners’ calendars that I could meet with: you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said, ‘Amelia,’ instead of ‘philosophy.’

“It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all her assemblies of dowagers, professors’ wives, canonesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother’s card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia’s beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always

fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence beyond her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that ‘what she most dreaded was violence of temper.’ Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. ‘Amelia,’ said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiègle*, ‘how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?’ ‘Not

one,’ replied she; ‘I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.’

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me; ‘You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses*; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new year's gift) the ‘first of January;’ I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.’ So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, ‘I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.’ ‘I should never have guessed it,’ said Amelia, ‘he seems neither vain nor pedantic.’ How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. ‘It must be singular ill fortune,’ thought I, ‘if among this number, one at least does not flower.’ On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romances possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as

Perrette's; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the meantime, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open: at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity,

who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published '*An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy*.' It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered

constant watching; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes—always for exclusive systems—let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my *élèves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recom-

pensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

"On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioning him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a Baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure, Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the Baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till the objects were fading into obscurity—the approach of night, and

the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle : never had it been so precious to me ; I hastened to it ; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way ; it was a heavy cane : I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast ; alas ! it was too late ; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds ; he swallowed them one after another ; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champé like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent ; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done ; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia ? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her ! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened ; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catherine,' said I, 'bring your light ; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she ; 'I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints ! blessed saints ! What do I see !'.....exclaimed she when near, 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin ! what bad luck brought you here ? Oh ! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia ?' said I, in a trembling voice,

'has she actually a sheep ?' 'Oh ! good Lord ! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up in the air : she loved it as herself ; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont ; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion ; the vice that she most detests : she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow : Catherine ! run, ask for some æther, or *eau de vie*, or hartshorn,—run, Catherine, run.'

"Catherine set off : I tried to make it open its mouth ; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically sealed teeth ; perhaps the collar pressed it ; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty ; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at it, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength ; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia ; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this, Catherine ? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia ? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death ?' 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party ; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul ! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be! I looked at it; and, judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh yes, perhaps,'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entrée* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

"'Ah, Mademoiselle!' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address

the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain, to the killer of Robin.'

"'You, sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

"'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

"'And I, sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother; 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

"'What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's,' observed the mother.

"'Yes—for you,' said Amelia; 'he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

"'It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

"'Thank Heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, 'or where would have been my ring?'

"'It is necessary at least,' said Amelia, with emotion, 'that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

"'Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New

Year's Day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.' 'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, madam.' 'Ask, sir,—' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!' 'Granted,' replied she, gaily; I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening par-

ties, she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New Year's Day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also like to give you a New Year's gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

SIMPLICITY.

FROM wealthy Ormus' pearly bed
Let Beauty deck her braided hair,
And glittering rays of splendour shed
From every gem that nestles there;
Reckless of Freedom's sacred call
Let Afric bid her children toil,
And give to grace yon pageant hall
The rifled honours of her soil;
But say, can such delights impart
A smile to virtue's chaste'n'd eye?
Ah, no! she turns with aching heart
To thee, divine Simplicity!

With thee she loves at break of dawn
To climb the hill's aspiring height,
With thee to rove th' espangled lawn
When gently swells the gale of Night;
To seek the soft retiring dell
Where Spring its earliest visit paid,

Where Summer's lingering beauties dwell;
And Autumn courts the sober shade;
To gather thence the fairest gem
That graces Nature's diadem,
As gladden'd by the kindly shower
She sits enthroned in Flora's bower!

Then, farewell Wealth and Grandeur too!
Ah, what is all your pomp to me
Whilst mine the joys ye never knew—
The joys of loved Simplicity?
Give me to cull with tender hand
The straggling sweets of Nature's reign;
I'll covet not the fairy-wand
Which sways rich Fancy's genii-train!
Give me the gentle heart to share
In all those joys, to Nature true—
The breast those straggling sweets to wear—
Then, Wealth farewell, and Grandeur too

COCHELET'S SHIPWRECK.*

THE Sophie sailed from Nantes on the 14th of May 1819, and on the 13th of the same month, was wrecked about 20 leagues to the north of Cape Bojodore. The ship, it seems, was carried out of her course by the currents, which, as is well known, set to the eastward along the African coast, and which M. Cochelet thinks, it is high time were put an end to: "ne doit on pas esperer que les autorités maritimes, prendront enfin des mesures propres a prevenir ces accidens." We fear it will not be easy to prevent such accidents in ships managed like the Meduse frigate, or the brig Sophie.

The captain wished first to make Madeira, and then the Canary Islands, for the purpose of correcting his longitude, but missed them both; when abreast of the latter Islands, however, he had a good observation for the latitude, and as no land was in sight, he ought in common prudence to have stood to the westward. On the 29th, they were, by observation, in lat, 27°. 4; and on the evening of the same day, land was seen about eight leagues to the east; but still, with inconceivable infatuation, the course was not altered. At length about half past three in the morning of the 30th, the ship struck. The coolness and discipline of the crew are thus narrated:

"The moon set about 40 minutes past three in the morning, and in less than an hour, the sun would have shewn us our situation: the sea, which till then had been smooth, and often calm, began to be agitated by a strong breeze from the north; all at once a violent shock was felt. The ship struck at the heel, and beat upon the rocks, *avec un fracas épouvantable*. M. Mexia exclaimed, 'We are lost.' I sprung from my cabin. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and each endeavoured to inspire the other with resignation; but how difficult the task to possess it in so dreadful a situation, when numbers at the same instant behold their end approaching, and expressed by the signs of despair, the abandonment of every earthly affection! I went upon deck, and in the midst of con-

sternation and tumult, heard nothing but cries of "take in sail"—"hoist out the boat." I asked the terrified captain, what he thought of this frightful event. "What can I think?" he replied; "I know no more than you do where we are. I can see nothing." In the mean time, the ship, impelled by the force of the wind, was driven farther upon the shoal, experiencing, every time she struck, a shock which endangered the masts. A thick fog surrounded us and obscured our view of the land; a feeble twilight shewed it indistinctly; and from the configuration of the clouds, we imagined ourselves in a gulph, surrounded on all sides by immense rocks. At length the ship became completely fixed, and experienced no other motion than that produced by the sea beating upon her. In an instant the sails were furled, and we succeeded, by unheard-of efforts, in getting the boat into the sea. An anchor was carried out to the north-west, but all our attempts to heave the ship off were in vain; our misfortune was irreparable, and as the day dawned, the horrors of our situation were revealed to us. It was not in the midst of islands, as we believed, that cruel destiny had thrown us. A flat sandy beach, without bounds, presented itself to our view—it was on the main land—on Africa—on that inhospitable and barren coast, that has always been the terror of mariners.

"It would be impossible to paint the grief that took possession of each of us. What fate awaited us on this detested region."

The conduct of the officers under these circumstances, was not less extraordinary. We are not told that any attempt was made to lighten the ship; they suffered themselves to fall into the power of the natives, although the weather continued moderate, and their boat was riding safely by a hawser in the lee of the vessel; the whole crew only consisted of thirteen, and they knew that the Canary islands could not be more than twenty or thirty leagues distant.

After passing to and fro several times between the ship and the shore, the natives got possession of the officers, passengers, and one sailor, in all, six persons. The sailors, with greater prudence, kept on board, and, after a feeble attempt to rescue their superiors,

* Naufrage du Brick Français La Sophie, perdu le 30 Mai, 1819, sur la Cote occidentale d'Afrique, et captivité d'un partie de Naufragés, avec de Nouveaux renseignements sur la ville de Timectou, par Charles Cochelet, &c. Paris. 1821.

set sail, and, in two days, made the island Fortaventura. M. Cochelet and his friends took care to land their trunks and luggage, intending, no doubt, to proceed by the diligence, but the natives very unceremoniously took possession of their goods and chattels, and obliged them to assist in unloading their ship, which they did very leisurely, and then burnt her. The savages into whose hands they had thus fallen, are represented as the most hideous monsters that exist in human shape, and as the last link in the chain that connects man with the brute creation.

On their landing, their chief, named Fairry, gave them a most gracious reception, holding out one hand, in token of friendship, and with the other pointing to heaven, and repeating "*Allah Akbar*," "God is great." He then led them to a sand hill, kindly offering to carry their arms, and shewed them the desert, with the purpose, no doubt, of letting them know how entirely they were in his power.

"If this was his object, he accomplished it completely; for it was impossible for me to observe without dismay this sea of sand, the horizon of which mingled itself with a sky of fire; and the calm and silent immobility of which was a thousand times more striking than the agitation of the ocean during a tempest."

The politeness of the natives was soon changed for the most capricious tyranny and contempt. By the women, in particular, they were obliged to perform the most abject offices—prepare their food, of which they did not deign to give them a share, or dig in the sand for a scanty pittance of brackish water.

Our author was sent off to the ship to assist in searching for *argeono*, or money. It was in vain to intimate that he could not swim—prompt obedience was necessary, and he contrived, with some difficulty, to get on board.

He found the Africans engaged in a furious attack on two pigs, these unclean animals being the abhorrence of all true Musselmén. Having no provisions but what the ship afforded, and being withal but indifferent judges of salt meat, before eating any part of it they constantly called on our Frenchmen to distinguish the beef from the

pork, by lowing like cows, or grunting like hogs.

When the ship beat so high that the ladies could go off, they were obliged to act as stepping-stones, to assist them in ascending the ship's sides.

"They placed themselves, without ceremony, upon us, and afterwards made use of their hands to finish their clambering. If you consider that they were the most repulsive creatures in the world, and almost destitute of clothing, you will have little difficulty in believing that it was a very singular task for us to supply the place of stepping-stones to these women. It seemed, without doubt, very diverting to them, for they appeared to take a pleasure in it, which they expressed by shouts of laughter, of the coarsest and most insulting nature that can be imagined."

The most unreasonable of all their demands, however, was in sending them aloft to unbend the top-sails. The only expedient that occurred to them, to enable them to obey this command, was to cut away the masts.

"During more than two hours, we applied the axe with redoubled force. They gave way at last, but with such a crash, that I was struck with the effect produced by the noise of their fall, reiterated as it was, for a long time, among the hillocks of sand, by echoes, of which perhaps, till then, they were unconscious. For the first time, without doubt, the silence of many ages had been disturbed. So violent and transient a commotion, rendered more dreadful still the calm by which it was succeeded, and with which this frightful desert was reinvested, perhaps for ever."

For about ten days they were employed in plunder. The natives shewed the most astonishing want of discrimination in their selection of the booty. Money and provisions were the great objects of their avidity—buttons were more valued than diamonds—the finest laces lay neglected on the beach, or were used to tie the mouths of sacks—but, above all, to a literary man, the dispersion of so many works of merit, was most afflicting.

"How many copies of works of merit will be for ever deprived of readers! I have seen thousands of volumes, containing the most opposite sentiments, borne equally by the wind into the interior of the desert."

Letters and newspapers were equally scattered.

In the midst of these melancholy reflections the captain came up with a

face of satisfaction, announcing the apparition of two "jolies Parisiennes," whom a disaster similar to their own had thrown on this inhospitable coast. M. Cochelet thought the poor man's head turned by his misfortunes; he however followed him, and saw, by the glimmering fire in their tent, two ladies "en veritable costume de bal," one of them in a robe "de crepe rose, garnie des fleurs, et l'autre une robe de satin blanc, brodée en lames d'argent." Both of them had caps and feathers of the last Parisian fashions.

"I had not yet been able to see the *divine figures* which such elegant equipments led me to ascribe to their wearers. I approached nearer, and, to my great astonishment, under those beautiful coverings, which our Parisian 'marchandes de modes' had, without doubt, prepared for other heads, I see the horrible Sinné, with his frightful hair, and my master Hamet, who was no less terrible."

On the 10th of June a party of Bedouin Arabs arrived; they were distinguished from their former friends by the splendour of their dress and arms, and their noble and imposing demeanour; they were commanded by Sidi Hamet, a chief who is well known as having rescued Capt. Riley and his companions, and also the crew of a ship belonging to Glasgow, which was wrecked on the same coast about six years ago. Sidi Hamet purchased the Frenchmen from the natives, and on the 17th set out with them on their route through the desert for Wednoon, or Ouadnoun, as it is here spelt.

A journey in the desert can never become a party of pleasure. The sufferings of the party are related in the same minute and lively manner, but do not admit of abridgment. Previous to their arrival at Wednoon, Sidi Hamet sold them to the Cheik Berouc, who resided there, and from thence they transmitted a statement of their case to Mr. Wiltshire, the English Consul at Mogadore.

The French agent there forwarded their case to the consul at Tangier, and through his intervention they were ransomed by the Emperor of Morocco. After remaining three months at Wednoon, during which one of their companions died, they proceeded to Mogadore.

They were now mounted on mules, but their sufferings had not yet ended! exhausted with heat and fatigue after a journey of six days, they arrived at Tarodant, a populous town belonging to the Emperor of Morocco; they entered the town in the evening, but, upon the cry of "Nsara!" or Christians! the inhabitants pursued them with hootings and imprecations, and they were with some difficulty protected by their escort. They were lodged in a pavilion in a garden belonging to the Emperor, and committed to the charge of two renagades, a Spaniard and an Italian, who treated them with the utmost hospitality and kindness. The description of this delicious garden recalls the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

"Perhaps none ever passed by such a sudden transition from a situation so miserable to one so transporting. A moment before we were abandoned to the most painful disquietudes, in the midst of a crowd of infuriated savages, and now, inaccessible as we were to their approach, the tranquillity which was procured us by that isolated state which was the constant object of all our desires. This change, from one condition to another, was so rapid, that the cries and imprecations which we had heard appeared to us the effect of a dream. The most complete silence reigned around us; the noise of some spouting streams of water, and the hollow murmuring of the woods, agitated by a light breeze, alone disturbed the calm of a delightful evening. We found ourselves transported into a garden of vast extent. The darkness prevented us from judging of its beauty, but the perfume of orange trees, with which the air was scented, promised us a delicious abode.

"A magnificent alley, embellished on both sides with groves of that fruit tree, led to a pavilion, situated at the end of the garden.

"As soon as day-light appeared, I began to examine the place where I was astonished to find myself, and of which I had as yet but an imperfect idea. Advancing to the terrace, which was contiguous to the pavilion, I beheld the vast extent of the garden, concerning which I could not form a correct judgment the evening before. This first impression which one feels, but cannot express, when the return of day unfolds to view a delightful, and, as yet, unknown situation; the freshness of morning; the perfume exhaled from a thousand orange-trees covered with blossoms; the appearance of so many overflowing fountains, so many sources of enjoyment, to which we had been as yet strangers, left a delicious impression on all our minds.

"The height of the walls which surround the garden first arrested my attention: they are as high as those of the town, and indented in the same manner. The pavilion, propped against them, is situated towards the north, opposite the governor's palace. A single inclosure of walls surrounds the palace, and the garden separates them from the town, and serves them for a rampart. In one of the towers, raised at certain distances on the walls, was seen a piece of ordnance. It appeared to be intended, in time of war, for driving away an enemy who might be tempted to approach the town on the side of the pavilion.

"This pavilion, composed of five rooms, the largest of which is in the middle of the other four, is remarkable for its commodious arrangement, and the elegance of its decorations. It has three entrances: the principal one, facing the avenue of orange trees, is fronted by a terrace and a gallery which has three openings arched above. The two others are on the right and left of the buildings. Nothing can be imagined richer than the ornaments of the principal division, though it had been stript of its state, and of the furniture which embellished it during the abode of the Sultan. The ceiling of wood, painted of different colours, and in imitation of a tent, particularly attracted my notice, from the skill displayed in the work. A crown of gilded suns, fixed on the wall, and much resembling stucco, formed the elegant border which encompassed the room at the top, immediately under the ceiling, and the floor of the chamber was a sort of Mosaic, composed of an immense number of polished stones of different colours. The doors, although defaced by age, still shone with gilding, which was well preserved. An immense orange tree, and a date tree, loaded with fruit, reached the terrace contiguous to the building, and mingled their foliage with the green tiles which covered it."

Nothing was wanting to their satisfaction here but a change of clothes and clean linen, a luxury they had not enjoyed since their shipwreck; they were consequently covered with rags and vermin. In this state they proceeded to Magadore, where they arrived on the 13th of October. Their delight on beholding the town and shipping could only be equalled by meeting a person in the European dress.

"In a moment, without asking any information, without demanding either his rank or his name, we stretched out our arms towards him, well satisfied that the first European who offered himself to our view could not but be a brother, sensible of our misfortunes. We mingled our embraces, without having, at first the power to pronounce a single word; and the emotion of that Christian, more than his words,

announced to us that we held in our embrace M. Casaccia."

How Mr. Casaccia received such an embrace before their toilet was made, we are not informed.

We shall not detain our readers with their succeeding adventures, nor with Mr. Cochelet's remarks on the present state of Morocco, which contain little either of importance or novelty; but as every visitor to Africa is expected to clear up some of the mysteries respecting the interior of that vast continent, we cannot pass over the "*Nouveaux renseignements sur la ville de Timenton*," so pompously announced in the title-page. During their stay at Wedno n, a Moorish merchant arrived from Tombuctoo, or Timentou, as our author chooses to spell it, and he endeavoured to acquire some information from him concerning it; but it seems the Moor told so many lies, and exaggerated so much, that no reliance could be placed on his account. Hamar, a Moorish servant of his master the Cheik Beroue, observing his anxiety, told him, he was acquainted with a merchant who had visited that city, and on this hearsay account he affects to doubt of the reality of the visits made by Robert Adams or Sidi Hamet to Tombuctoo.

The account given by Hamar is, that, about seven years before, a merchant of Rabat proposed to him to accompany him to Tombuctoo, which Hamar agreed to; but on their arrival at Wednoon, the intelligence that a caravan had perished in the desert, deterred him from proceeding; but Sidi Mahommed, his companion, went on, and on his return informed him, that, after suffering great hardships, he arrived on the fortieth day after his departure from Wednoon at Taudeny, a town inhabited partly by Negroes and partly by Arabs. After staying there some time, he quitted it, and in fifteen days more reached Tombuctoo, a city about three times the size of Fez, (which, we are told in a note, contains about 90,000 inhabitants.) At the period of their arrival they had only quitted the desert four days. The first appearance of the city, situated in an immense plain, was very striking, and its extent greatly surpassed the expecta-

tion of Sidi Mahommed. The gates were shut when the caravan arrived, but on the sentry firing off his musket, a guard of about a hundred Negroes armed with darts, daggers, and some muskets, came out from the city and pointed out a place for them to remain without the walls. After trading with the inhabitants, chiefly in tobacco, for which they received gold dust and ornaments of the same metal, at the end of six days they were admitted within the walls, and lodged within the quarter of the Moors which is situated near the King's palace. The interior of this building was richly adorned with gold; the Sultan had only reigned two years, 1813 and 1814, having succeeded to his father, who had been assassinated. During their stay, a number of slaves were brought in from Bambarra. Sidi Mahommed estimated their numbers at three thousand. He purchased twenty-five for goods, which were only valued at five hundred franks. These slaves were sold principally to the Moors, who carried them across the desert to Morocco. The interior of the city resembled an immense camp, or rather a number of separate encampments, the houses being insulated and scattered about without regard to order or symmetry. A river named Ouaddi Soudan, flowed about two leagues to the south; the road between it and the city was constantly crowded with Negroes bearing burdens on their heads, and camels loaded with merchandise. The river

was covered with vessels, many of them of considerable size, which, Sidi Mahommed was informed, came from Djinné, and navigated a great distance towards the east.

Beyond the river, about half a day's journey to the south of Tombuctoo, is a small town called Oualadi, the environs of which are very fertile, and from which the capital draws its chief supply of provisions.

An epidemic disease, which raged at the time, determined Sidi Mahommed to hasten his departure. He experienced fresh disasters on his return, and lost several of his slaves in the desert, but, on the whole, his expedition proved a profitable one.

M. Cochelet infers, that Adams could not have visited Tombuctoo, merely because he never heard the circumstance mentioned by Hamar, his informer, who had been more than six years resident at Wednoon. If such an objection required an answer, it would be found in the account of Sidi Mahommed, which, as far as it goes, confirms that given by Adams, particularly in the relative position of that city and the Niger, for the Ouadi, Soudan, and Niger, are evidently the same, or rather one of its branches, which issue from the lake Dibbie. We may add, that Monsieur Lapie, in his notes to the map that accompanies the work, states his conviction that Adams must have visited Tombuctoo.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

(Monthly Magazine, Apr.)

THE *Martyr of Antioch*, a dramatic poem, lately published, by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN, Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford, if not endowed with the striking energies of that school of poetry, to which our empirical Laureate has ascribed a *satanic* character, yet displays a degree of power and dignity, which always ensures him respect, and sometimes deserves admiration. His taste, on the other hand, is too pure, and his elevation of mind too great to allow him to fall into the babbling prolixity and con-

temptible puerilities of the Bards of the Lakes, whilst he is by no means deficient in that simplicity and tenderness of sentiment, to which those writers advance such exclusive pretensions. The materials of poetry are, indeed, so mixed up in him, and have received such assiduous and well-directed cultivation, that his works present, in our opinion, as many beauties, combined with as few faults, as are to be found in any of our authors. Without ranking him in the very first class, he will undoubtedly attain and secure a high sta-

tion amongst the most pleasing and unexceptionable of our poets.

In his selection of subjects, Mr. Milman is most likely in some measure influenced by his profession; and to this, to a certain extent, there is no objection. The "Martyr of Antioch" partakes more of this spirit than his last work, the "Fall of Jerusalem;" and rather more, we are inclined to say, than is requisite for a production of general interest. We do not wish to see Mr. Milman confine himself, like Mrs. Hannah More, to the inditing of Sacred Dramas. His profession cannot demand from him this sacrifice. We proceed, at once, to the martyrdom of St. Margaret.

The daughter of a heathen priest, (in the drama called *Callias*,) beloved by Olybius, the Roman Prefect of the East, Margaret suffered death in the persecution of the Christians at Antioch, in the reign of the Emperor Probus. The poem opens with a sacrifice to Apollo, introduced by a hymn to that deity, which is somewhat too long. Margarita alone is expected to complete the ceremony. She is the priestess of the god, and herself little less than a goddess, in the beautiful description of the poet.

Macer. What, then, is wanting?

Second Priest. What, but the crown and palm-like grace of all,

The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps beauty
Waits like a handmaid; whose most peerless form,
Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory
Thrice polished by the skilful statuary,
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore
The servant rather than the God.

Third Priest.

The maid

Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks,
From the deserted grove the silent birds
Hang hovering o'er her: and we human hearers
Stand breathless as the marbles on the walls,
That even themselves seem touch'd to listening life,
All animate with the inspiring ecstasy.

First Roman. Thou mean'st the daughter of the
holy *Callias*;

I once beheld her when the thronging people
Prest round, yet parted still to give her way,
Even as the blue enamoured waves, when first
The sea-born Goddess in her rosy shell
Sail'd the calm ocean.

Second Priest.

Margarita, come,

Come in thy zoneless grace and flowing locks,
Crown'd with the laurel of the God; the lyre
Accordant to thy slow and musical steps,
As grateful 'twould return the harmony,
That from thy touch it wins.

Margarita, notwithstanding these invocations, does not appear; and, on searching the sanctuary, it is found in a state of profane confusion, and the priestess is sought for in vain. The alarmed father upbraids the Prefect with the abduction of his daughter, and in the midst of their alarm, Vopiscus enters with the Emperor's mandate, commanding Olybius to institute new severities against the Christians. Margarita now, rather unaccountably, enters, and hearing these orders, without yet divulging her faith, cannot repress her emotions:

Olybius.

Priests!

We mourn that we must leave th'imperfect rites,
Deeply we mourn it, when bright Margarita
Vouchsafes her late and much-desired presence,
So on to-morrow for our Judgment-hall—
Let all the fires be kindled, and bring forth
The long-disused racks, and fatal engines.
Their rust must be wash'd off in blood. Proclaim
That every guilty worshipper of Christ
Be dragg'd before us. Ha!—

Macer.

What frantic cry

With insolent interruption breaks upon
Rome's Prefect?

Many voices. Lo the priestess! Lo the priestess!

Sec. Priest. She hath fallen down upon her knees;
her hair

Is scattered like a cloud of gold: her hands
Are clasp'd across her swelling breast, her eyes
Do hold a sad communion with the heavens,
And her lips move, yet make no sound.

Third Priest.

Haste—haste—

The laurel crown—the laurel of the God—
She's rapt—possess'd!—

Margarita. The crown—the crown of glory—
God give me grace upon my bleeding brows
To wear it.

Sec. Priest.

She is distracted by our gaze—

She shrinks and trembles. Lead her in, the trance
Will pass anon, and her unsealed lips
Pour forth the mystic numbers, that men hear,
And feel the inspiring Deity.

We next find Margaret passing secretly in the evening through the grove of Daphne, to warn her assembled brethren of their approaching danger, and pausing to apostrophize the scene of her former idolatry.

Oh, thou polluted, yet most lovely grove!
Hath the Almighty breath'd o'er all thy bowers
An everlasting spring, and paved thy walks
With amaranthine flowers—are but the winds,
Whose breath is gentle, suffered to entangle
Their light wings, not unwilling prisoners,
In thy thick branches, there to make sweet murmurs
With the bee's hum, and melody of birds,
And all the voices of the hundred fountains,
That drop translucent from the mountain's side,
And lull themselves along their level course,

To slumber with their own soft-sliding sounds;
And all for foul idolatry, or worse,
To make itself a home and sanctuary?

Oh, second Eden, like the first, defiled
With sin! even like thy human habitants,
Thy wind, and flowers, and waters, have forgot
The gracious hand that made them, ministers
Voluptuous to man's transgressions—all,
Save thou, sweet nightingale! that, like myself,
Pourest alone thy melancholy song
To silence and to God.

She is here overtaken by the Prefect, whose jealousy has been roused by her recent coldness, and from whom she still conceals the real cause of her apparent change. Nothing results from the meeting, and the martyr passes on to the congregation at the burial-place of the christians. They have just interred a brother, over whom they chant an anthem, which is more distinguished by its piety than by poetical spirit. They are warned by the Neophyte, and flee timely away. Margaret returns to the temple, and the explanatory scene with her father ensues:

Callias. How?—what?—mine ears
Ring with a wild confusion of strange sounds
That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont to mock
Thine aged father, but I think that now
Thou dost, my child.

Margarita. By Jesus Christ—by Him
In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,
Father! I mock not.

Callias. Lightnings blast—not thee,
But those that by their subtle incantations
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!

Margarita. Look there!
Father, I'll follow thee where'er thou wilt;
Thou dost not mean this cruel violence
With which thou dragg'st me on.

Callias. Dost not behold him,
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Antioch!
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,
That emanates from his immortal presence
O'er all the breathless temple! Dar'st thou see
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arch'd brow? Lo! how the indignation
Swells in each strong dilated limb! His stature
Grows loftier; and the roof, the quaking pavement,
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God! I dare not look again,
Dar'st thou?

Margarita. I see a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life expressed. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model
As mortal as themselves.

Callias. Ha! look again, then,
There in the East. Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him; th' officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists,
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up

Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable.
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore
Or mock, ungracious?

Margarita. On yon burning orb
I gaze, and say, Thou mightiest work of him
That launch'd thee forth, a golden-crowned bride-
groom,

To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest-born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the season's slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their grovelling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee—
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem,
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,
Of him, that with the light of righteousness
Dawn'd on our later days; the visitant day-spring
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refresh'd! that evermore renew'st
Thy flaming strength? nor even shalt thou cease,
With time coeval even till Time itself,
Hath perish'd in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.

Callias. And yet she stands unblasted! In thy
mercy

Thou dost remember all my faithful vows,
Hyperion! and suspend the fiery shaft
That quivers on thy string. Ah! not on her,
This innocent, wreak thy fury! I will search,
And thou wilt lend me light, although they shroud
In deepest Orcus, I will pluck them forth,
And set them up a mark for all thy wrath:
Those that beguiled to this unholy madness
My pure and blameless child. Shine forth, shine
forth,

Apollo! and we'll have our full revenge!

The scene is next transferred to the Prefect's hall of justice, whither the captured christians are brought for judgment, and, amongst the rest, Margaret, who has been seized in company with Fabius, the patriarch of her sect, and who now stands before the Prefect, her lover, and the priest, her father, to receive her sentence at their hands. The whole scene is well imagined, and forcibly written. It is succeeded by an interview between the father and child in the prison. The spirit of the parent is broken down, and he forgets, in his sorrow, the supposed guilt of the apostate priestess.

Daughter! when thou serv'dst
Thy father's gods, thou wert not thus! the sun
Was brightest where thou wert—beneath thy feet

Flowers grew. Thou sat'st like some unclouded star,

Inspired in thine own light and joy, and mad'st
The world around thee beauteous ; now, cold earth
Must be thy couch to-night, to-morrow morn—

—What means that music?—Oh, I us'd to love
Those evening harpings once, my child !

Margarita. I hear

The maids ; beneath the twilight they are thronging
To Daphne, and they carol as they pass.

Callias. Thou canst not go.

Margarita. Lament not that, my father.

Callias. Thou must breathe here the damp and
stifling air.

Margarita. Nay, listen not.

Callias. They call us hence. Ah ! me,
My gentle child, in vain wouldst thou distract
My rapt attention from each well-known note,
Once hallow'd to mine ear by thine own voice,
Which erst made Antioch vacant, drawing after thee
The thronging youth, which cluster'd all around
thee
Like bees around their queen, the happiest they
That were the nearest. Oh, my child ! my child !

The virgins of Apollo are heard, as
they pass by, and their evening song is
very beautifully written. As the night
advances, Margaret is led forth to a
splendid palace, where the strongest
trial of her faith is made, in the choice
of good or evil, held out to her by the
Prefect, to whom she is devotedly at-
tached, and who presents the contrast
to her senses in the strongest colours :

Olybius. Sweet Margarita,
Give me thine hand—for once !—Oh ! snowy treas-
ure,
That shall be mine thus fondly clasp'd for ever.
Now, Margarita, cast thine eyes below—
What seest thou ?

Margarita. Here Apollo's temple rests
Its weight upon its snow-white columns. There
The massy shades of Daphne, with its streams,
That with their babbling sounds allure the sight,
Where their long dim-seen tracts of silvery white-
ness
Now gleam, and now are lost again. Beyond
The star-lit city in its wide repose ;
Each tall and silent tower in stately darkness,
Distinct against the cloudless sky.

Olybius. Beneath thee,
Now, to the left !

Margarita. A dim and narrow court
I see, where shadows as of hurrying men
Pass and repass : and now and then their lights
Wander on shapeless heaps, like funeral piles—
And there are things of strange distorted shape
On which the torches cast a colder hue,
As though on iron instruments of torture.
A little farther, there are moving lamps
In the black amphitheatre, that glance,
And as they glance each narrow aperture
Is feebly gilded with their slanted light.
It is the quick and busy preparation
For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow.

Olybius. There,
If thou canst add the scorn, and shame, and pain,

The infuriate joy of the fierce multitude,
The flowing blood, and limbs that writhe in flame,
Thou seest what thou preparest for thyself.
Now what Olybius' love prepares for thee,
Fairest, behold * * * Behold
Yon throne, whereon the Asiarch holds his state,
Circled by kings, and more than kingly Romans ;
There by his side shall Margarita sit,
Olybius' bride ; with all the adorning city,
And every province of the sumptuous East,
Casting its lavish homage at her feet ;
Her life one luxury of love, her state
One scene of peerless pomp and pride ; her will
The law of spacious kingdoms, and her lord
More glorious for the beauty of his bride,
Than for three triumphs. Now, my soul's beloved !
Make thou thy choice.

Margarita. 'Tis made—the funeral pyre.

The Prefect determines, notwith-
standing, at all events, to save the
maiden's life, and although she is
brought with the other victims to the
place of execution, it is only with the
view of shaking her constancy, by
making her an eye-witness of the vari-
ous tortures under which they expire.
Before they are led out to death, the
spirit of the beautiful martyr rises high
within her, and breaks forth in a strain
of inspiration.

Olybius. Beautiful ! what mean'st thou ?
Why dost thou look to yon bright heaven ? What seest
That makes thy full eyes kindle as they gaze,
Undazzled, on the fiery sky ? Give place—
Strike off those misplaced fetters from her limbs ;
The sunshine falls around her like a mantle,
The robes of saffron flame like gold. Give place.

Macer. Great Phoebus conquers ! See, she strikes
the lyre
With his ecstatic fervour.

Callias. Peace—oh peace !
And I shall hear once more before I die
That voice on which I've lived these long, long years.
Hark, even the winds are mute to hear her, Peace !
Marg. What means yon blaze on high ?

The empyrean sky
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending,
I see the star-paved land,
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height in burning rows ascend-
ing ;

Some with their wings dispread,
And bow'd the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagrations starting ;
Behold ! the appointed messengers are they,
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still
More lofty statues fill
The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling ;
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoul-
ders swelling.
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,

Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts potring ;
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder roaring.
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seem'd the consort sweet of the harmonious
spheres.

* * * * *

Beyond ! ah, who is there
With the white snowy air ?
'Tis he—'tis he, the Son of Man appearing !
At the right-hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed Seraph Host behold with awe and
fearing ;
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings,
Down to the glassy sea his loftiest seat o'er-arching.
Hark !—thunders from his throne, like steel-clad
armies marching.
The Christ ! the Christ commands us to his home,
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we come !

The christians are then given into the hands of the torturers, and their various fates are related by officers who enter for that purpose. Olybius awaits in anxiety the effect which these scenes are to produce on Margarita, and seemingly aware that he has placed her in a very perilous predicament. His arrangements certainly appear to have been but loosely concerted, for a very simple circumstance disappoints his hopes, and plunges him in a state of distraction and remorse, under the influence of which he renounces his power and his ambition for ever. An officer enters amidst fearful shrieks, with an aspect of ill omen :

Olybius. Speak, and instantly,
Or I will dash thee down, and trample from thee
Thy hideous secret.

Officer. It is nothing hideous—
'Tis but the enemy of our faith. She died
Nobly in truth—but—

Callias. Dead ! she is not dead !
Thou liest ! I have his oath—the Prefect's oath :
I had forgot it in my fears, but now
I well remember, that she should not die.
Faugh ! who will trust in Gods and men like these ?

Olybius. Slave ! slave ! dost mock me ? Better
'twere for thee
That this be false, than if thou'dst found a treasure
To purchase kingdoms.

Officer. Hear me but a while.
She had beheld each sad and cruel death,
And if she shuddered, 'twas as one that strives
With nature's soft infirmity of pity,
One look to heaven restoring all her calmness ;
Save when that dastard did renounce his faith,
And she shed tears for him. Then led they forth
Old Fabius. When a quick and sudden cry
Of Callias, and a parting in the throng,
Proclaim'd her father's coming. Forth she sprang,
And clasp'd the frowning headsman's knees, and said,
"Thou know'st me, when thou laid'st on thy sick bed,
Christ sent me there to wipe thy burning brow—"

There was an infant play'd about thy chamber,
And my pale cheek would smile and weep at once,
Gazing upon that almost orphan'd child.
Oh ! by its dear and precious memory,
I do beseech thee slay me first, and quick ly :
'Tis that my father may not see my death."
—With that the headsman wip'd from his swarth
cheeks

A moisture like to tears. But she meanwhile
On the cold block composed her head, and cross'd
Her hands upon her bosom, that scarce heav'd,
She was so tranquil ; cautious, lest her garments
Should play the traitors to her modest care.
And as the cold wind touch'd her naked neck,
And fann'd away the few unbraided hairs,
Blushes o'erspread her face, and she look'd up
As softly to reproach his tardiness :
And some fell down upon their knees, some clasp'd
Their hands, enambur'd even to adoration
Of that half-smiling face and bending form.

Callias. But he—but he—the savage executioner.
Officer. He trembled.

Callias. Ha ! God's blessing on his head !
And the axe slid from out his palsied hand ?

Officer. He gave it to another.

Callias. And—

Officer. It fell.

Callias. I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash. I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood—my daughter's
blood !

Off—let me loose.

Officer. Where goest thou ?

Callias. To the Christianau,
To learn the faith in which my daughter died,
And follow her as quickly as I may.

The death of the lovely martyr is represented as effecting a sudden change in the feelings of the people, who join the surviving christians in honouring her remains ; and the volume closes with a triumphal hymn, conceived in a high and sustained spirit of enthusiasm.

Mr. Milman may assure himself of a considerable addition to his well-earned reputation from this performance. It is a stately, graceful, and vigorous production ; the offspring of very considerable natural talents, refined and cultivated by industry and by art. With much of the powers, he has none of the eccentricities of genius ; and possesses, in as much perfection as could be desired, the qualities which ought to distinguish the occupant of that chair to which he has recently been appointed, and which he cannot fail to fill with honour. The poet may well profess to teach the theory of his art, who can put it so beautifully into practice ; and his opinions of the works of others must deserve attention when all voices unite to commend his own.

PETER KLAUS.

THE LEGEND OF THE GOATHERD—RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit, but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffrey Crayon drew his Rip Van Winkle.

This story of The Goatherd is to be found in Busching's Popular Tales, page 327, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in fact, is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans, but all springing from one and the same source. According to this primal story, the Emperor once took refuge, with a party of his followers, in the Kyffhausen mountains, where he still lives, though under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench before a stone table, supporting his head on his hands, and in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown through the table down to his feet, while his head nods and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are, for the most part, tolerably long, something about a hundred years duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterranean abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value; great, however, was his surprize, when, upon showing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar.

But even the first tale of the Emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and perhaps, to speak it fairly, is nothing more than a popular version of The Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the country. It is, indeed, surprising how small a stock of original matter has sufficed for all the varieties of European legend; the sources are remarkably few to him who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to follow up the various streams to their fountain head; and it is a task which, if ably executed, might prove both curious and instructive.

PETER KLAUS was a Goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof.—He looked up, shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his enquiry could

discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spread-
ing foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with

knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but no where could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people, whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then en-

tered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in enquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said; "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day. "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The Goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment, a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!"—"And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The Goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—Welcome after twenty years!"

LONDON CHIT-CHAT—MRS. RADCLIFFE—CASTLE OF UDOLPHO, &c.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

London, March 11, 1822.

NOTHING could have been more ill-advised, and unhappy in its effects, than the re-appearance of old Madame Mara a short time since in a public orchestra. She had, many years ago, retired from the musical profession, surrounded by such admiration and fame as perhaps never fell to the lot of any other singer—Mrs. Billington not excepted. The most classical judges of the art in Europe scarcely knew how to clothe their praises in competent terms; her skill, voice, and exquisite feeling and expression, were chronicled in treatises and cyclopædias, and the qualities of succeeding singers were estimated according to the degree in which they approached her. The lovers of music who had grown up since her retirement were full of envy of those older persons who had heard this miracle of art, when on a sudden, to the astonishment of every body, out comes an announcement that Madame Mara had arrived here, and intended to sing again in public. A crowded audience waited on her bidding; but alas, poor aged soul! the meanest chorister in the ranks of the orchestra could have done better. It is invidious and painful to dwell on the exposure.

I have been led into a recollection of this circumstance by having heard a report, not in general circulation, that another old lady of equal fame in literature to that of Madame Mara in music, is about to resume her exertions, after a long interval, and to strive again at a species of composition which requires, above every thing, a fervid imagination, and a fresh and elastic fancy. I allude to Mrs. Radcliff, the author of *Mysteries of Udolpho*, who, it seems, is preparing a new romance. Whoever has tasted the melancholy sweetness and mystery of her writings, (for her helpless common-place and prosing sink in the memory of the reader, leaving nothing behind but mingled impressions of moonlight festivals, and convent-chaunts heard over still waters, and

Italian skies, and love-lorn girls, and dim forests, and dusky chambers in old forsaken castles,) will be uneasy at hearing she is about again to essay these things, and to vex the charm which has wrapped itself, I hope for ever, round her name.

Lord Byron, it is said, is shortly coming home to make some family arrangements, in consequence of the death of a near relation. This will be awkward for the beginning of the *Pisan Journal*, which, by the bye, is to be edited in London by Mr. John Hunt of the *Examiner*. The author of "*Amarynthus, the Nympholept*," it is suspected, will be one of the contributors.

Haydon is getting on famously with his large picture of Christ raising Lazarus. The composition of it is very simple and grand; and the fearfulness of the subject is rendered overpowering by its being treated in a pathetic, rather than in a violent or horrible way. Lazarus has already arisen upright from the earth, and is seen staggering with a bewildered and reluctant air under the shadow of the mouth of the cavern which contains his grave.—Christ is standing in the middle of the picture, beckoning the fearful object to come forth; and the people about him have their terror in some degree calmed by the sight of *his* calmness, and their consciousness of his divinity. The figures placed between the Saviour and the cavern have not the benefit of seeing his godlike tranquillity, and they are therefore agitated with the spasm of mortal dread. This is, in my opinion, very subtly and delicately felt, and will have its due effect with the public.

The *Literary Gazette*, in one of its late numbers, gave a review of a poem published anonymously, and called "*Italy*," which they confidently attribute to Mr. Southey. This seemed at the time to argue great thoughtlessness on their part, because the very same number contained Southey's answer to Lord Byron's attack, in which he takes occasion to aver solemnly that he never published a book writ-

ten by himself without affixing his name to it. (This, by the way, is very unfashionable.) The poem is assuredly very much in Southey's manner; but it was difficult to conceive that he would lay himself so open to his enemy as to perpetrate an anonymous publication in the very teeth of a gratuitous avowal of his disdain of such concealment. It has since been reported that the poem was written by Mr. Rogers, who is said to have acknowledged it. The story of the two Foscari, which forms one of its episodes, is much more affecting than Lord Byron's tragedy on the same subject.

The specimens of the American poets, which have been announced, will be selected by Mr. Roscoe, son of the Biographer of the Medici family. It will be a curious thing to receive samples of *foreign* poetry, in the language in which they were originally written, and that language our own mother tongue. Little is known here of American poetry, except the epic of Mr. Jo-

el Barlow, which was pretty bad.—Should the book contain any thing in verse as interesting by virtue of its *nationality*, (for, perhaps, after all, this is the chief source of whatever is valuable and lasting in literature), as the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, it will be a capital introduction to our knowledge of the genius of the United States. Washington Irving has grafted himself (style, feelings, allusions, every thing) on *our* literature, properly so called, and has become merely one of a crowd of good English writers. Brown, it must be admitted, followed the manner of Godwin a little too slavishly, but in all else he is purely American; and this it is which makes him stand out with so bold and single a prominence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roscoe will give us, among the rest, a specimen or two of the more recent poetry of Mr. Alston, the painter, for surely his muse cannot have been idle since his return to America. His sonnet on Rembrandt was first-rate.

ON THE DETERIORATION OF MAN AND BEAST.

(From the same.)

THERE is in fact nothing very philosophical in the supposed notions of animals in a state of nature being ever deteriorated by that same climate in which, and for which they were produced. The various climates of the earth, and the various tribes of animals which live under their influence, are reciprocally fitted for each other; and it is only by confusedly combining the qualities of an animal formed for one country, with those of another formed for a totally different one, that the idea of deterioration can arise in the mind. The same observation may be equally applied to the numerous varieties or races of each kind.

The Laplander is not a deteriorated Asiatic of the Mongolian or Caucasian line, any more than the Georgian or Circassian is a highly refined Laplander; neither is the Shetland pony a deteriorated Arabian courser, any more than the steed of Araby is a thoroughbred Shetly. From whatever country

or parent stock all, or any of these animals, human or brute, may have originally sprung, each has long since been enabled, by a wise provision of nature, to assimilate its attributes to the qualities of the climate, in which it was destined to live, move, and have its being. Had it been incompetent to effect or undergo such assimilation, it would then indeed have deteriorated; that is to say, it would have died. But creatures of all kinds, whether irrational or intellectual, prefer the other alternative, notwithstanding its being attended with some occasional inconveniences. If we admire the slim smooth elegance of the Italian greyhound, and regard the rough shaggy coat of the dog of Nova Zembla, as a deterioration, let us remember that that which is the delight of the one, would be the death of the other; and what would then become of that forlorn agriculturist, whose business it is to drill the ice, and to furrow the snow? The small stature and peculiar

habits of the northern Nomadian, with the curry-comb-despising hide and short limbs of the afore-mentioned Sheltie, would have been as little fitted to sustain the fiery breath or shifting sands of an eastern desert, as an inhabitant of Arabia, with his more stately steed, the cold and cloudy clime, and the rugged and precipitous mountains of Lapland and Thule. Therefore, each exists in the best and most improved state, according to the nature of its particular calling, and is *not* deteriorated.

A similar observation is also applicable to many of the tastes and propensities of the human mind and body, which are too often regarded by us as the results of grossness or refinement, in proportion as they remove from or approach towards that ideal standard of perfection, which sometimes natural, but more frequently artificial circumstances have erected as our criterion of judgment. Your Esquimaux, when he swallows a bit of polar bear's fat dipt in whale oil, is as much a man of taste

in matters gastronomical, as your more taper-limbed Frenchman or Italian when he *titivates* a stewed ortolan, reposing in the purer juice of the olive. Nor is it a whit more rational for the one to abhor what he regards as the foul feeding of the other, than it would be for that other to despise the over-refinement of his more luxurious fellow-creature. The olive and the ortolan neither flourish nor flit among the snows of Greenland, nor does the polar bear ramble among the cypress groves, or the northern whale flounder along the balmy shores of the "Saturnia Tellus."

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.*

* Goldsmith's Traveller.

BEAUTIES OF THE OLD BALLAD.

(Monthly Magazine, Mar.)

IT is a remarkable fact, that the two most important changes in the history of the country have been partly accomplished by OLD BALLADS. At the battle of Hastings, the Normans commenced the onset, singing the song of Roland, a famous peer of Charlemagne; and the great revolution of 1688 was partly effected by the well-known song of *Lillibulero*, made on the appointment of Talbot to the lieutenancy of Ireland. The song of *Roland* is lost, but we still have *Lillibulero*.—This miserable doggrel, we are told, had a more powerful effect than either the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes: the impression it made, according to Burnet, can only be imagined by those who saw it; 'the whole army, and at last, the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually.'

"What mighty conquests rise from trivial things,"

is proverbial, but the power and fascination of the old metrical romance, ap-

pears, at first view, inexplicable. "I never heard," says Sir Philip Sydney, "the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet;" and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of that fine old ballad than all his works. Addison, who had seen only a later version of Chevy Chase of the time of Elizabeth, has compared the fine passages with the best parts of Virgil; and it must be allowed, if poetical excellence consists in the power to yield pleasure to the greatest number of individuals, that the Chevy Chase of the English bard is superior to the *Ænied* of the Roman poet.

If, in fact, we examine the *materiel* of the ancient ballads, we shall cease to wonder at the admiration they have excited. They contain the soul of true poetry. There is in them all that can move the heart, delight the imagination, or chain the attention. Scenes of love and tenderness—the adventures of chi-

valry—the frolics of kings and tinkers—of robbers, gypsies, and friars, form their subjects ; and these narrated in a style of unaffected simplicity, and with a vigour and sincerity of feeling, that give the impress of reality to the creatures of the imagination. That such themes, so treated, should interest, is far from wonderful. The sources on which they draw for admiration are universal, and will find a mirror in every bosom : they appeal to nature—to our passions—our love—hatred and curiosity—and that any numerous class should be insensible to such appeals, would be more surprising than that their dominion is universal. Add to this, the old ballad derives some advantage even from rudeness and antiquity ; the novelty of an obsolete language, and the glimpse of ancient manners, conducing in part to their general attractions. Besides, they rarely contain any wire-drawn poem, or complicated plot : the old songs, it is true, are of the nature of *epics*, with a beginning, a middle, and an end ; but the plot generally turns on a simple incident, comprised in a few stanzas, apparently struck out at a heat, and starting with a vigour and impetuosity that inclines the reader to sing them after the minstrel fashion, rather than recite them like ordinary verse. Their *grossières* are the fault of all early writing, and as long as the staple commodity is good to demur on account of indelicacies of language, would be like shunning a person, otherwise unexceptionable, on account of his clothes. No doubt, any modern imitation of these defects would be disgusting enough, inasmuch as we should not expect from an educated person the behaviour of a clown ; but in the *old bards*, their freedom and simplicity augment their value, by cloathing them with the venerable hoar of antiquity, which, like the crust on good old port, attests their age and genuineness.

We will now give a few specimens of the Old English Ballads ; they are a fruitful mine, from which later poets have drawn the rude materials of their finest poetry, and polished it into gems of the purest ray. Even the Great Dramatist has been largely indebted to the old bards ;—the plot of the “ Mer-

chant of Venice” is evidently taken from the ancient ballad, entitled “ A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who lending to a merchant one hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of ‘ Black and Yellow.’ ”

The sequel of Gernutus’s story corresponds exactly with the remorseless Shylock.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow :
Stay, quoth the judge, thy crueltie ;
I charge thee so to do ;

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound :
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be :
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

The rest is well known.

“ The Passionate Shepherd to his Love” is a beautiful old sonnet quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. The real author was Christopher Marlow, a dramatic writer of some repute, who lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the *Nymph’s Reply to the Passionate Shepherd*,” but we can only insert a part of the latter, which has been frequently imitated :

Live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and valies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Then will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle.

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The sweet little sonnet which follows has also been ascribed to Shakspeare with as little authority; the first stanza is found in "Measure for Measure," and both are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother."

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lightes that do misleade the morn :
But my kisses bringe againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hils of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in these icy chaines by thee.

What follows is of a different character, and was intended by the poet laureate of the day to celebrate the glories of Agincourt. The homeliness of this laureate effusion would incline one to think that something has appended to this office at all times, to depress the holders below their cotemporaries in every thing except maudlin piety and courtly adulation. We give the first stanza of this *carmen triumphale* as a curiosity :

Our kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry ;
The God for him wrouzt marvelously,
Wherefore Englande may calle and cry,
Deo gratias, &c.

The humorous and lively description of the "Dragon of Wantley," a rapacious overgrown attorney, shows the vigorous strokes with which the ballad-makers struck out their characters :

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder ;
With a sting in his tayl as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron ;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

But it is in scenes of tenderness the beauties of the Ballad shine most bewitchingly. The "Childe (a name formerly given to knights) of Elle," is particularly admired for its affecting simplicity. We can conceive nothing more touching and dignified than the following :

The Baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheek,
And turnde his head asyde
To whipe away the starting teare
He proudly strove to hide.

In deepe revolving thought he stood
And musde a little space ;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the
ground,
With many fond embrace.

"The Nut-Browne Mayd," forms the ground-work of Prior's "Henry and Emma," and though thickly covered with the rust of antiquity—being at least three hundred years old—is justly admired for sentimental beauties. We give the introductory stanza :

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among,
On women do complayne,
A Hyrmyge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them well ; for never a dele
They love a mon agayne :
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe do them pursue,
Theyr fyrst true lover then
Labourèth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

The elegant little sonnet of "Cupid and Campaspe," though not so old as the last is a real *bijou*. It is found in the third act of an old play, entitled "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer of that prolific age of true poetry, the Elizabethan :

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
At cards for kisses ; Cupid payd :
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and teame of sparrows,
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose,
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne ;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me !

The next, with which we shall conclude our selections, though too deeply tinged with affectation and refinement to be ranked among bardic beauties has too much merit to be omitted :

TO LUCASTA ON GOING TO THE WAR.
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistress now I chose,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

In these extracts we have passed over "Barbara Allan," "Chevy Chase," and others, the beauties of which are too universally known to need pointing out. Our object has only been to gather a few flowers from the rich meadow of ancient poesy, and range them in a garland, not inferior, we trust, either in fragrance or beauty, to many of our modern *bouquets*. Many pieces of

perhaps greater excellence we have been obliged to omit from their length, and the difficulty of quoting them in moderate compass, so as to be intelligible. In this, indeed, have consisted the difficulties of our task, for it must be confessed, that the old poetry, like the old architecture, was a little massive in structure, and in taking away a few fragments, or perhaps, some of those impurities with which its beauties are obscured, one is in danger of bringing down too much of the building. But in what we have done, we trust, our extracts will not be considered too long, nor affected by indelicacies that have been objected to the otherwise incomparable *Old Ballad*.

Stephensiana, No. VII.

(Monthly Magazine, Mar.)

RIDGWAY'S.

FOR some years I accustomed myself to a morning's stroll from Chelsea, to Ridgway's, in Piccadilly. He is a considerable dealer in newspapers and political pamphlets, and as a copy of every newspaper of the day lay upon the counter, and his shop is provided with a fire and chairs, others besides myself strolled there, and here, therefore, was to be seen and heard something of the active world.

There were politicians by habit and profession, men of letters, men in and out of place, editors of papers, members of parliament, occasionally peers, and all met upon terms of equality, talked with freedom, and seldom allowed differences of opinion to create ill blood.

The Rev. Mr. Este united to great knowledge of the world, a lively wit, which relieved the common-place of some others in our regular groupe.

I never learnt more from any individual than John Nicholls, many years an M. P. whose enlightened mind atoned for a defect in his sight, and whose stores of anecdote seemed inexhaustible.

The venerable Major Cartwright often graced our circle and inspired our respect in spite of the extremity to which he pushed some principles which are thought uncongenial with the spirit

of our constitution. While, however, such virtuous men as he espouse any cause, it must, and perhaps ought to have advocates.

These bookseller's *conversazioni* are pleasanter even than club houses, where the same faces are always collected, and where party feeling and family distinction interfere with ease and freedom. I remember that at Almon's, where I used see Fox, Norfolk, Wilkes, Burke, Barré, and others of equal note—and that at Debrett's, frequented for many years by men of the highest rank and most splendid reputation. Debrett, however, failed, and his shop being closed—the habits of his visitors changed, and Ridgway's is now the place of rendezvous, but his shop is too small for the accommodation required. It is, however, pleasant, and here I have been often gratified, and have formed some valuable acquaintances. Such shops in my time have been what certain coffee houses were in the days of the Spectator.

INGENIOUS ROBBERS.

In India there is a class of robbers called the Gidias, who are very expert in imitating the cries of different animals, and covering themselves with their skins, to elude the pursuit of justice. They often follow the camps, and with singular address contrive to

steal out of the tents. Sometimes they attack and murder parties of the military escorting money. If a house is to be plundered, all the approaches to it are intercepted, and any individual found near it massacred without mercy. The English company has cleared its provinces of most of them, but some few yet remain, and from time to time bands of them will issue from the Maharratta States, and overrun the territories of the company.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

A late voyager in India observes that he one day saw a company of Lascars at table, and that before they begun dinner, the cook threw some spoonfuls of rice into the sea, pronouncing a formula of words, as if saying grace. They were all seated in a circle, and squat on their haunches. In the middle of each circle, was set a large platter of boiled rice, and in the centre of the rice, a little dish of salt fish sauce. No spoons were in use, but every one helped himself with his right hand, and in taking up the rice, twisted it with his fingers into the shape of a ball, which he frequently dipped in the sauce. They are so careful in eating that not a grain of rice is ever seen to drop on the floor.

T. HOLLIS, ESQ.

of Corscombe, in Devonshire, after returning from his second tour, wrote the following in a window in an inn at Fal-mouth :—

"I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman, the trucking scuit Dutchman, the tame Dane, the sturdy, self-righting Swede, the barbarous Russ, the turbulent Pole, the honest, dull German, the pay-fighting Swiss, the subtle, splendid Italian, the salacious Turk, the sun-warming, lounging Maltese, the piractical Moor, the proud, cruel Spaniard, the bigotted, base Portuguese with their countries—and hail again old England, my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch or Irish, rejoice in the freedom that is the felicity of thy native land, and maintain it sound to posterity. April 14, 1753."

Dec. 11, 1798, while transcribing the above, it has struck me that the frequent changes in our dynasty have mainly contributed to strengthen our rights, (both preceding and in actual

existence) and to continue and extend yet further, the elastic action of public spirit. In many instances of recent aggrandisement, kings and courtiers seem to have been in a more direct and emphatical conjunction with the popular language and principles, which afterwards the malignant influence of prosperity has counteracted, and placed them in opposition to.

TOLERATION.

The leading feature for determining the true religion is universal charity. A saying of Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, is recorded, which will stand the test, and greatly savours of real christian candour, that "We ought to regard even the Turks as our brethren."

Racine, in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Ecclesiastique*, judiciously observes that religion ought to be maintained by the same pure gentle means which established it; preaching, accompanied by discretion and the practice of every moral virtue; and above all as most deserving of confidence, by unbounded patience.

Not less edifying is the view of religion adopted by Filangieri, when he says, "If so many martyrs had not been sacrificed to error, how many more proselytes would have been gained to truth?" He adds: "Innumerable are the turnings wherein the human intellect has strayed with regard to religion, but those records which contain the history of such aberrations, present us with a supplement, in a great and prevailing truth, that the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the church. He further declares that natural justice ensures to every one the right of public and private worship,—and that to force the conscience dishonours the service of the Supreme Being, and is contrary to the quiet, noble faithful principles of that best of religions, the Gospel."

St. Chrysostom (in his 47th Homily, in *Joan*,) expressly declares that Christians are not to use force for the destruction of error; he gives us a very impressive and sensible idea of his candour, when he subjoins: "The arms with which we ought to contend for the salvation of men, are mildness and persuasion."

Fenelon, setting aside the pomp and

parade of authority, wrote as follows with purity and simplicity, to Louis XIV.;—"Grant toleration to all, not in approving every thing indifferently, but in patiently permitting whatever God permits, and endeavouring to reclaim men, by that meekness of persuasion which results from moderation."

INSURGENTS.

The insurgents under Walter, a tyler, of Deptford, in a reign when luxuries and vices abounded, when the maxims of government were only nominally squared by the rules of equity, demanded of the king, "That they, their lands, possessions, and posterity might be free, and that there ought to be no slaves nor servitude in England." The attempt failed, as have others, in repeated instances, emanating from that many-headed monster, the mob. It was the first, however, in favour of those members of the community that were Serfs, then a considerable body, whose interests were not united in a common cause with the barons and free men.

DANIEL DAMER.

Men of genuine and exalted goodness have frequently deviated from the precision, and in some instances, spurned at the rules of true propriety. Shall I say, with a laudable and manly spirit? *Oh! pue non!* When a fire broke out at his lodgings in Bedford-street, Mr. D. retired with the utmost composure, with a picture of Milton (whom he adored) in his hand, leaving all his valuables to be consumed by the flames. As an Englishman, Mr. D.'s loyalty was perfectly consistent with independence, and his efforts were studiously directed to the propagation of Whig principles. As an *aroma* of sweet-scented loyalty, he generously gave away from £400 to £800 per annum, to the friends of liberty in distress. His charity, as is well known, extended also to colleges and universities.

BURKE.

being asked for a motto to a publication, in which the subject of discussion was the Isle of Man, jocosely replied:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

On the unfinished BUST of BRUTUS,
at FLORENCE: MICHAEL ANGELO,
Sculptor.

*Brutum effinxisset sculptor, sed mente recurvat,
Multa viri virtus, sistit et obstupuit.*

The distich contains a very ingenious and animated remark, the meaning of which may be thus pointed out, "The sculptor would fain have given his testimony in favour of that great personage Brutus, have left a lasting impression of his vigorous and honourable physiognomy, but the peculiar character of his virtue, hushed, silenced the artist's feelings, and barred his effectual action."

GEORGE I.

believed in the prediction of a French prophetess, that he should not survive his wife a year. Soon after her death, he took leave of the prince and princess, his successors, with tears in his eyes, telling them he should never see them more. I, for my part, am inclined to think his belief was sincere, and that he acted upon it as such. He was then indeed on the point of setting out for Germany, whence it appears that he returned not, as at the end of a few weeks he died. Some say he hated both—whatever of supposition there may be in this, it sounds to reason that he should be honest and just enough to say of his son, afterwards George II.: "*Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur.*" He is very hot and fastidious, but he has a great feeling and sense of honour.

LORD BATEMAN,

an amiable old nobleman, who resides on his estate in Herefordshire. When knowledge fails, accomplishments decay, and mental vigour dies,—charity may shine through life. This worthy peer had a guinea's worth of silver laid on his breakfast table, every morning, to divide among the poor.

ORIGINAL LETTER of WASHINGTON,
addressed to SIDY MOHAMMED, Em-
peror of Morocco.

Great and Magnanimous Friend,

Since the date of the letter, which the late congress, by their president, addressed to your Imperial Majesty, the United States of America have thought proper to change their government, and to institute a new one, agreeable to the constitution, of which I have the honour of herewith enclosing a copy. The time necessarily employed in this arduous task, and the derangements occasioned by so great, though

peaceable a revolution, will apologize and account for your Majesty's not having received those regular advices and marks of attention from the United States, which the friendship and magnanimity of your conduct towards them, afforded reason to expect.

The United States, having unanimously appointed me to the supreme executive authority in the nation, your Majesty's letter, of the 17th August, 1738, which by reason of the dissolution of the late government, remained unanswered, has been delivered to me ; I have also received the letters which your Imperial Majesty has been so kind as to write in favour of the United States, to the Bashaws of Tunis and Tripoli, and I present to you the sincere acknowledgments and thanks of the United States, for this important mark of your friendship for them.

We greatly regret that the hostile disposition of those regencies towards this nation, who have never injured them, is not to be removed on terms in our power to comply with. Within our territories there are no mines, either of gold or silver, and this young nation, just recovering from the waste and desolation of a long war, have not, as yet had time to acquire riches by agriculture and commerce. But our soil is bountiful, and our people industrious ; and we have reason to flatter ourselves that we shall gradually become useful to our friends.

The encouragement which your Majesty has been pleased, generously, to give to our commerce with your dominions ; the punctuality with which you have caused the treaty with us to be observed, and the just and generous measures taken, in the case of Captain Proctor, make a deep impression on the United States, and confirm their respect for, and attachment to your Imperial Majesty.

It gives me pleasure to have this opportunity of assuring your Majesty that while I remain at the head of this nation, I shall not cease to promote every measure that may conduce to the friendship and harmony which so happily subsist between your empire and them, and shall esteem myself happy on every occasion, of convincing your

Majesty of the high sense (which is common with the whole nation) I entertain of the magnanimity, wisdom and benevolence of your Majesty.

In the course of the approaching winter, the National Legislature, (which is called by the former name of Congress) will assemble, and I shall take care that nothing be omitted that may be necessary to cause the correspondence between our countries to be maintained and conducted in a manner agreeable to your Majesty, and satisfactory to all the parties concerned in it.

May the Almighty bless your Imperial Majesty, our great and magnanimous friend, with his constant guidance and protection.

Written at the City of New-York, the first day of December, 1789.

(Signed) G. WASHINGTON.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

I walked to town with Mr. Murphy, on the fast day, Nov. 29, 1798. He lived in Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge. We had useful discourse on a variety of matters, as he could combine instruction with elegant entertainment. It appeared that he had been always averse to the principle of the American war, and though he had an employment under government, as commissioner of bankrupts, as the friend of political morality and of common sense, he could blame the madness of the existing ministers. As a writer he had no little claims to attention, and he wished well to his country, but in his literary labours, never attempted any thing, in the way of party.

DUNG

should not be applied to wheat crops, as it makes the land foul, and it has long been observed by myself and others, that though there may be a great burden of straw, there will be but little wheat. Dung is most beneficial, and at times, may be absolutely necessary to potatoes, turnips and the artificial grasses, making wheat the last crop in the course.—See Scott's Poem on Farming.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD. (1800).

Of this gentleman, who occupies such a space in the department of classical criticism, report testifies that he can never sleep out of his own house, and

that from the time he goes to his brother's at Richmond, until his return, he never sleeps.

It is also a remarkable trait in the character of so benevolent a man, that he attended all public executions, so as to be noticed as a constant attendant by the persons officially engaged in these exaggerations of justice. He described it as a study of human nature !

SUPERSTITION.

At Wavertree, near Liverpool, is a well which during many ages has borne, and still bears, the following monkish inscription :

Qui non dat quod habet,
Dæmon infra ridet.

The language is not very courtly, and joined with the sentiment, imports that every wise man will readily give something—who does not, let him be devoted to destruction.

Alms were formerly solicited here—and the *devil below* served all the purposes of a loaded pistol, to the ignorant traveller, who was thereby intimidated out of his money.

George II. had implicit faith in the German notion of vampyres. This is affirmed, with the dry precision of historical truth, by Horace Walpole.

ANDREW MARVEL.

By a singular variety of fortune, he was the secret adviser of Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I. and the favourite tutor of Mr. Dutton, nephew to Oliver Cromwell, to the father of whom, he also acted as Latin secretary, under Milton. He was afterwards one of the protectors of Milton.

A CONQUEROR

is thus defined by Fenelon : "*Un Conquerant est un homme, &c.* A conqueror is a man whom God, in the dispensation of his Providence, lets loose upon mankind as a formidable and inexorable despoiler, inflicting a dreadful punishment on a devoted country, and making as many slaves as there are free men." May I not be permitted to add : "Disfiguring the works of man, frequently profaning the name and violating the altars of the great God !"

GENERAL MOREAU,

Prior to the French revolution, had applied for a sub-lieutenancy of Dragoons, but was refused, as not being of noble birth. Only a small portion of

sagacity is to be found in this ancient hauteur ; we discover a more solid foundation capable of sustaining military operations, in the practical schools of proficiency, established by the policy of the revolution. Introduced to a military life, on that general scale, Moreau was soon elected commander of a battalion of National Guards. Then devoting himself to the various occupations of his profession, his whole attention directed to a single object, we behold him rising through all the gradations of service, till we find him by the brilliancy of personal talents, exalted to supreme command. His skill in the direction of military energies was early shewn, and it is unnecessary to dilate upon it.

"RICH SPENCER."

Among the citizens of London, it has not in any period of its history produced one who possessed more public spirit, wealth, and patriotism, than Sir John Spencer, who was lord mayor in 1594. This princely citizen is said to have died possessed of £800,000, acquired in the pursuits of commerce. In a curious pamphlet printed in 1651, there is the following singular anecdote respecting "Rich Spencer," for so Sir John was usually called.

"In Queen Elizabeth's days, a pirate of Dunkirk laid a plot with twelve of his mates, to carry away Sir John Spencer ; which if he had done, £50,000 would not have redeemed him. He came over the seas in a shallop, with 12 musketeers, and in the night came into Barking Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches, near the path in which Sir John came to his house ; but by the providence of God, Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night, otherwise they had taken him away ; and they, fearing they should be discovered, in the night time came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkirk again."

Sir John Spencer left an only daughter, who was carried off from Canonbury House [Sir John's residence] in a baker's basket, by William Lord Compton, who married her. From this union the Earls of Northampton are lineally descended.

Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

MR. COUTTS, THE BANKER.

Died, on Sunday, Feb. 26, 1822, at his house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, aged 87, *Thomas Coutts*, esq. the oldest and most opulent banker in London. Mr. Coutts was a native of Scotland, where his father acted as a banker in Edinburgh, and placed his eldest son John as his agent in London, who began the great concern, of which the subject of this article was at the head. A few years after John took his younger brother Thomas into partnership, and the house has continued to rise gradually to its present state of opulence. This house enjoyed a peculiar advantage, for there was not then a banker west of Temple-bar, the house of Drummond commencing about the same time. The affairs of banking in London was begun by the goldsmiths, who having places of safety for their own valuable articles, persons were induced to send their notes, cash, &c. to them for safety, and to draw as they wanted. The house of Coutts was never in that business. Mr. Thomas Coutts married a Mrs. Starkey, who, it seems, was his brother's servant, and this event was a temporary cause of shyness between them; which however soon vanished. By this lady he had three daughters, the eldest married to Col. North, eldest son of the minister, Lord North, who died Earl of Guilford; the second is the widow of the late Marquis of Bute, and the youngest is the wife of Sir Francis Burdett. On the death of his brother, Mr. C. became the head of the house, and succeeded to his fortune, which enabled him to give to each of his daughters £30,000 on the day of marriage. Mr. Coutts, altho' the very soul of the banking house, found time to take his three daughters on an excursion to Italy, at the time Mr. Burdett, eldest brother of Sir Francis, and Lord Montacute were on their travels. It was said, that the two travellers were to have married two of Mr. Coutts's daughters; but the tragical death of those two gentlemen at the falls of Schaffhausen put an end to these prospects, and one of the daughters has since been happily joined in wedlock to the surviving brother of Mr. Burdett. Mr. Coutts was for many years in habits of intimacy with Mr. Garrick, Mr. Smith, and other celebrated theatrical characters; and by frequenting the Green Room he became intimate with the amiable Miss Mellon, to whom he afterwards was attached. His first favour bestowed on this lady is said to have been a present of ten thousand pounds. The possession of such a sum of money enabled her to live in a manner so far beyond what her salary as a performer would allow, that her friends gave out that she had gained a prize of ten thousand in the lottery. She afterwards purchased property at Cheltenham and the es-

tate she has long enjoyed at Highgate. Whether any thing more than platonic love existed between them, cannot be determined, but the scandalous *Chronicles* began to whisper, and Mr. Coutts is said to have introduced Miss Mellon to his family as his natural daughter. In three days after his first wife died, he led Miss Mellon to the altar, whose benevolent and generous conduct, as Mrs. Coutts, is well known. Many years ago Mr. Coutts purchased the house at the corner of Stratton-street, which, when his eldest daughter, Lady Guilford, lost her husband, he much enlarged, so that she lived some time under the same roof with him. On his second marriage he began to exhibit the highest style of living; his present Majesty and the princes of the blood often visiting him. As a man of business Mr. Coutts was indefatigable, and at the age of eighty he conducted the chief correspondence of the concern himself. He had three gentlemen concerned with him, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Sir Coutts Trotter and Mr. Majoribanks; but he still would be the active man, and used to go to the banking house every morning at 9, and there employ himself until the business of the day was over. By an arrangement he made some time before his death, he left his share of the banking house to Mrs. Coutts, to whom he also left all his property, which it is said amounts to upwards of 700,000*l.* exclusive of a very large fortune which had been before settled upon her. This distribution of his property to the exclusion of his children has, of course, been much canvassed, and many reports have prevailed which it is not our business to record. The lady is said by some to consider herself merely as a trustee with sole powers, while others relate that she has made offers of contingent advantages to the daughters, which they have judged it not proper to accept. From our knowledge however, of her liberal character, we are persuaded that if a reaction of feeling does not take place, the results will be satisfactory and honourable to all parties. Be it as it may, the rise of an actress, the daughter of the post-master of Cheltenham to be the most wealthy female of her time, is a social phenomenon.

NEW WORKS.

Life, Fashion, and Feeling: a Tale; by Mary Anne Hedge, 3 vols.

Constance: a Tale; by Isabel Hill.

The Flatterer; or, False Friendship: a Tale; by M. A. Hedge.

Original Tales of My Landlord; exemplifying the Force of Experience, &c.; by W. Gardner, with engravings on wood.

The Wizard Priest, and the Witch: a Romance; by Quintin Poynet, esq. 3 vols.

The Village Coquette; by the author of *Such is the World*, 3 vols.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, are at this time in course of publication, from pictures painted expressly, by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R. A. and engraved in the finest style by the most eminent historical engravers.

A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the purpose of finding out a North-East Passage, undertaken in the Years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, in the ship Ruric, under the command of Otto Von Kotzebue. In 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with numerous Plates and Maps.

This voyage was undertaken under the immediate patronage and at the sole expense of Count Romanzoff. The vessel destined for the purpose was the Ruric, of 180 tons burthen only, which enabled it, from its small draft of water, to approach more in-shore, and observe the coast more minutely than a larger vessel would have done. It contained, notwithstanding, every thing that was desirable for the purposes of health and comfort; for of all the crew, including two naturalists, a physician, and a painter, only one died, tho' the voyage lasted 3 years.

In the South Sea Captain Kotzebue had the pleasure of raising a monument to the fame of the promoter of his expedition, and also to the memory of his two brave countrymen Kutusoff and Suwarroff, naming after Count Romanzoff a beautiful island which he discovered in lat. 14. 57. 20. south, lon. 140. 20. 30. west, and two groups of islands, which he discovered not far from the Penrhyn islands, after the military heroes. Of the inhabitants of some of these newly discovered islands, a most captivating picture is given, particularly of those of Radack, one of the chain of coral islands, the navigation of which is so dangerous, that it is to be hoped this consideration, added to its affording nothing of value to tempt the cupidity of Europeans, may long keep them in their present innocence and simplicity, untinctured by the vices incurred with the artificial wants by which attempts at what is called civilization are always accompanied. The inhabitants of Radack seem to resemble, in integrity and benevolence, the natives of the Pelew islands; their manners are strictly modest; their forms are slender and symmetrical; their dances extremely graceful: indeed to sing, to dance, to crown themselves with flowers, and sport upon the waves, seem the sole occupations of life with these happy islanders. From the island of Aur, the little society of the Ruric gained an interesting and valuable addition in the person of Kadu, a native of the island of Ulle, belonging to the Carolinas. This man, along with three of his companions, after drifting about the sea for eighteen months in consequence of a storm which drove them out of their course, had been rescued from the most miserable prospect of the most linger-

ing death, by the inhabitants of Aur, on whose shores they were cast, 1500 English miles west of the place whence they had originally set out. There is something very affecting in the history of this man; in his struggles between his gratitude to the people among whom he had found so kind a home, and his yearnings to return to his native country, which he thought he might accomplish, by means of Capt. Kotzebue, as he knew that vessels like his, and manned with white men, occasionally visited Ulle. His parting scene with the generous chief and the other inhabitants of Aur, is affectingly described by Capt. Kotzebue. All on board were grieved at his determination to remain among his old associates, which he could not impart to them without the utmost emotion, and many struggles with himself. Capt. Kotzebue parted with him with great reluctance, and with a degree of sorrow, which was the highest tribute possible to Kadu's virtues. The narrative increases in interest, in proportion as he draws nearer to the goal of his hopes. The dangerous voyage of Beering's Straits he was obliged to make with only one officer on board to relieve him in his arduous duty of keeping watch, as well as of commanding the vessel; being obliged to leave his second lieutenant at Kamtschatka on account of his health. On the morning of June 20th, 1815, they descried Beering's island, the high rocks of which, covered with snow, afford only an ungenial prospect to mariners. Thick fogs for the next seven days most vexatiously obscured the coast which they were so anxious to explore; but on the 27th they were enabled to land on an island called by the inhabitants Tschibocki. These people, who were very filthy in their dress and appearance, did not appear to have seen any Europeans before, but notwithstanding this they were inclined to welcome them very kindly; they embraced Captain Kotzebue one after the other, rubbed their noses hard against his, and ended their caresses by spitting in their hands, and rubbing them several times over his face. They then brought forth a wooden trough of whale blubber, which they seemed to esteem, and insisted on his partaking of it with them, after which one who appeared the chief ordered a dance. Accordingly, one of them stepped forwards and made the most comical motions with his whole body, without stirring from his place, making the most hideous grimaces; the others sang a song, consisting of only two notes, sometimes louder, sometimes lower, and the time was beat on a tambourine. If our space admitted of it, we could multiply extracts of great interest to our readers.

NASTURTIIUM.

The blossoms have been observed to emit electric sparks towards evening, which was first noticed by the daughter of the illustrious Linnæus, who could not credit the account until he had seen the phenomenon. It is seen most distinctly with the eye partly closed.

ERUPTION OF CARBONIZED WOOD AT NEW MADRID.

During the earthquake which destroyed New Madrid on the 6th January 1812, and which was felt two hundred miles around, Mr. Bringier happened to be passing in its neighbourhood when the principal shock took place. The violence of the earthquake having destroyed the earthy strata impending over the subterraneous cavities existing probably in an extensive bed of wood, highly carbonized, occasioned the whole superior mass to settle. This mass pressing upon the water, which had filled the lower cavities, forced it out, and blew up the earth with loud explosions. It rushed out in all directions, bringing with it an enormous quantity of carbonized wood, reduced mostly into dust, which was ejected to the height of from 10 to 15 feet and fell in a black shower, mixed with the sand which its rapid motion had forced along: at the same time the roaring and whistling produced by the impetuosity of the air escaping from its confinement, seemed to increase the horrible disorder of the trees, which every where encumbered each other, being blown up, cracking and splitting, and falling by thousands at a time. In the mean time the surface was sinking, and a black liquid was rising up to the belly of Mr. Bringier's horse, which stood motionless, struck with panic and terror. These occurrences occupied nearly two minutes. The trees kept falling here and there, and the whole surface of the country remained covered with holes, which, to compare small things with great, resembled so many craters of volcanoes, surrounded with a ring of carbonized wood and sand, which rose to the height of about seven feet. The depth of several of these holes, when measured some time after, did not exceed 20 feet, but the quicksand had washed into them. Mr. Bringier noticed a tendency to carbonization in all the vegetable substances that had been soaking in the ponds produced by these eruptions.

INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-EATER BIRD.

Capt. Kotzebue mentions the following circumstance respecting these birds. "The Hottentots, who have a very quick sight, try to observe a bee flying home with its honey, and pursue it: but they often would not succeed in following the bee, were they not assisted by the honey-eater birds, which perceive the intention of the men. The bird now pursues the bee, and gives the Hottentots, who pursue both, a signal by a whistle where the honeycomb is, and when they have taken out the honey, they throw some to the bird as a reward for his service."

SEA-SNAKE OF THE ALEUTIANS, NORWEGIANS, AND THE HEBRIDIAN.

Pontoppidan describes a monstrous sea-snake said to appear occasionally on the coast of Norway: and relations of a similar description are to be met with in the writings of other authors. Very lately, in the year 1808, the remains of a remarkable animal, answering in some degree to the description of Pontoppidan, was cast ashore

on one of the Orkney Islands, and has been described by Dr. Barclay in the first volume of the Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society. In the Memoirs of the same Society, there is an interesting notice by the Rev. Mr. Maclean of Small Isles, of an animal supposed to be of this tribe, which was observed near the island of Eigg, one of the Hebrides; and in the second volume of Kotzebue's late Voyage we have the following notice of a sea-monster, said to resemble a serpent: "M. Krinkoff's description of a sea-animal that pursued him at Beering's Island, where he had gone for the purpose of hunting, is very remarkable; several Aleutians affirm they have often seen this animal. It is of the shape of the red serpent, and is immensely long; the head resembles that of a sea-lion, and two disproportionately large eyes give it a frightful appearance. It was fortunate for us," said Krinkoff, "that we were so near the land, or else the monster might have destroyed us; it stretched its head far above the water, looked about for its prey, and vanished. The head soon appeared again, and that considerably nearer; we rowed with all our might, and were very happy to have reached the shore in safety. If a sea-serpent has been really seen on the coast of North America, it may have been one of this frightful species."

SHAKSPEARE.

The following is copied from an Irish newspaper:—"There is a portrait of Shakspeare in the possession of a gentleman of Dublin, which contains an inscription indicating that it was presented by our immortal bard himself to Ann Hathaway: and Major W. Stewart, of Lisburn, has favoured the Belfast paper with the following copy of an original letter also sent to this young lady by Shakspeare when he was 27, and she 19 years of age; she afterwards became his wife:—

"TO ANNA HATHAWAYE.

"Deeresste Anna,—As thou haste alwaye founde mee toe mye worde moste trewe, soe thou shalt see I have stryctly kept mye promyse,—I pray you perfume thys mye poor locke with thy balmy kisses, forre thenne indeede shalle kynges themselves bow and pay homage toe it. I do assure thee no rude hand hathe knottidde itte, thye Willy's alone hath done the worke. Neytherre the gyldede bawble that envyronnes the head of Majestie, noe norre honourres most mightee, would give mee halfe the joy, as didde thyse, my little worke for thee. The feelinge thatte didde neereste approche untoe itte, was that which commethe nygh-este untoe God, meeke and gentle Charytye, forre thatte virtue, O! Anna, doe I love, doe I cheryshe thee inne mye hearte; forre thou art as a talle cederre stretchynge forthe its branches, and succourynge the smallere plants frome nyppynge winterre orr the boysterouse windes.—Farewelle, toe-morrowe bye tymes I will see thee; tille thenne adieue. Sweet love, thynne everre,

"WM. SHAKSPERE."